

# Lightning

Eric Church

These four walls of Fort Worth  
Are closin' in on me  
My final meter's over  
An' they're gonna set me free I can feel the fire's a burnin'  
As the devil guards my door  
I hit my knees in search of Jesus  
On a cold jail house floor Lord, now I'm singin', "Get me out of here"  
I see the preacher's eyes  
As my daughter cries  
When they strap me in this chair Lord, I hope she forgives me  
For livin' my life this way  
Tonight I ride the lightning  
To my final judgment day  
'Every life owes a debt'  
That's what the Bible says  
I owe mine to this state  
For shootin' that boy to death A liquor store at ten  
He was reachin' for his gun  
Well, now his Momma sits there smilin'  
As the bar shifts roll on one And now I'm singin', "Get me out of here"  
I see the preacher's eyes  
As my daughter cries  
When they strap me in this chair Lord, I hope she forgives me  
For leavin' her this way  
Tonight I ride the lightning  
To my final restin' place  
A hungry blue eyed baby cryin'  
Made me rob that store  
An' as that boy lay there dyin'  
I dropped my pistol on the floor Yeah, I'd take it all back  
But there's nothin' I can do  
They've covered my face  
An' the order's gone through  
As the bar shifts roll on two Now I'm flyin'  
Up an' out of here  
I close my eyes an' slowly rise  
Let my body leave this chair Lord, I hope you forgive me  
For livin' my life this way  
Yeah, tonight I ride the lightning  
To my final restin' place These four walls of Fort Worth  
Are closin' in on me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>